

CHIVALRY,

NO TRIFLE----

O R,

The KNIGHT and his LADY:

A

TALE.

Arma, virumq; cano, &c.

Virg.

Bella, horrida bella, &c.

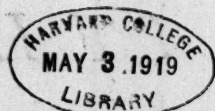
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The *London* Bookseller's P R E F A C E.

THE Hero and Heroine of this Poem are Mr. George Faulkner of Dublin Bookseller and Printer, and his Wife, or Lady.

Mr. Faulkner is a thriving Citizen, not only of good Esteem among his Neighbours and Brother-Trade, but has the Honour to be known to, and well received by many Persons of Distinction and even of very high Rank: Particularly he is said to have been introduced, or to have introduced himself, to a most honourable Person, late Lord Lieutenant in that Kingdom.

Whether it happened that his Excellency (who has more Wit than any other Man living) chose to divert himself by giving our honest Printer such a view of Fool's Paradise, as Camillo Querno when crowned in the Capitol was blessed with; or that the Main of the Story and its Incidents were invented by arch Wags, and have only the same foundation as Sancho Pancho's Island Government, we shall not take upon us to determine; in either Case the following Pages will equally entertain the Reader with Wit and general Satyr. And we congratulate him on the Appearance of a Genius so much in the Manner of another lately lost there.

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CHIVALRY, &c.



O Packet arriv'd? And the Wind still at *East*---
 * *Arbuckle!*---Go, ask if your *Lady's* undrest:
 Bid her come to me strait---And, in truth, I'm not
sorry;

A Packet, so late in the Day, wou'd but *hurry*
 And *flutter* my Spirits, which now are intent
 On Things of more Moment * *

* * * * * (Hiatus valde descendus.)

* * * * *

* * * * * Since *C---st---*d went,
 That *Offer* of his (which I took in a *Fest*)
 All Day, plagues my Head---And, all Night, breaks my Rest.
 I wonder I have not a *Line* from *Phil. S---h---e!*
 He forgets his old *Crony*, and *Friend*---(Set the Man up)
 Not five Months ago, who but I and my Lord? ||
 His Excellence---'faith, is too formal a Word)
 What *Jokes* have we crackt, and what *Mirth* have we made!
 He little expected a *Genius*--- in *Trade!*---
 How fond to ask Questions, concerning poor *Swift!* †
 I gave him his Works, as a *Present*---not *Gift*: *
 The Distinction is nice (and too nice for a *Dunce*)
 But *Phil.* took the Hint, and the Meaning at *once!*
 I'll engage, he imagin'd I only sold *Books*;
 But he alter'd his Note when he travers'd my Looks:
 Why, my *Eyes* speak the thing! Nay, the Dean has declar'd
 No Man but himself cou'd look more like a *Bard*:

* *Arbuckle.*] Mr. *Falkner's* Man.

|| *Ego & Rex meus.*

† *poor Swift.*] Mr. *Falkner* a few Years ago printed *Dean Swift's* Works in Six Volumes, 8vo.

* *as a Present, not Gift.*] A Distinction said to be taken by Mr. *Falkner* on presenting the Dean's Works to his Excellency.

This C---st-----d found, too! And, this is a Fact—
 That no Peer, in his Choice, is more strict and exact.
 Nay, the Minute he saw me, he *lik'd* me, I'm told;
 'Twas enough to make any Man *forward* and *bold*!
 So soon to engage such a sharp, such a nice Eye,
 I might almost (with *Cæsar*) cry out—*Veni! Vici!*
Merit, yet, will be found (let them say what they will)
 On this I depended—On this I trust still!
 Tho', the Great having once but Sir-nam'd their *Friend*,
Fools, *Fools* may laugh on—yet the *Wife* will commend!
 Thus, ending (tho' wound up to prate for an Hour
 On Subjects so beautiful—Honour and Power)
 Thus ending, I say, to give Place to my Lady,
 Who, by this time, came down with an Answer as ready:
 (So *mild*, and so *shrill*! so, at Intervals, chatty!
 So alternately this—so alternately that-y!)
 'Tis in vain to delay it, for I am your *Wife*—
 And will be *obey'd*—not a Word, *for your Life*!
 Why, my Dear, wou'd a Soul in his *Senses* refuse
 Such an Offer, for *nothing*? the Man's a meer Goose!
 In *England*, your thousands are giv'n (as the *Rate* is)
 And your's (except Fees) comes unlookt for, and *gratis*—
 Now, now is your time! Pr'ythee, rouse up your Spirit:
 Your *Dorsets*, and *Devonshires*, ne'er knew your *Merit*:
 Moreover, I'll prove 'tis your *Interest* to take it;
 Come, pr'ythee sit down, and so clear will I make it,
 That, from henceforth, no *Scruple*, no *Doubt* shall remain,
 Your Conscience to trouble, or harrafs your *Brain*.
Arbuckle, your Lady and I are agreed
 To sup by ourselves—Now, Madam, proceed.
 And, if * *Kildare* or *Derry* should happen to come,
 Say, I'm *busy*, d'ye hear?—or, I *won't* be at home.
 When I think on your † *Grierfon's*, your *Smyths*, and the Crew--
 (Oh! filthy *Mechanics*) and then think on *You*!
 Good Gods, how I fret! and, at times, rail at *Trade*:
 (This is but to *myself*, tho'—at most, to my *Maid*.)
 To read in the Title-page *here* || such a *List*!
 And your Name, with a--(G.)—prefixt, at the *best*.
 Preach up *Patience* to *Winds*! for 'tis not to be born—
 G. F——r, indeed! how *debas'd*, how *forlorn*!

* *Kildare* or *Derry*.] Two Bishops.

† *Grierfon's* and *Smyth's*.] Two considerable Bookfellers in *Dublin*.

‡ She takes up a Volume of the *Universal History*, &c. &c. &c.

Then to see the low Creatures pass by, with an Air,
 And cry, Hem! Brother *News-paper*, how do you fare?
 Is your *Wife* in the Country or Town? curse the Brutes—
 My *Lady*—her *Ladyship*—Oh! how that suits!
 I wish the base Wretches wou'd learn but their Distance;
 I'm sure, we want none of their *Help* or *Assistance*.

Since the *Time*, that *Phil. S—b—e* first gave you his *Hand*,
 And squeez'd you, and call'd you his very good *Friend*:
 When your Bishops and Lords and Deans (in a *Bevy*)
 Were (*stand, stoop and kneel!*) half the Day at his *Levée*;
 And **Ade-de con Kurnulls*, and hungry *Commiss'ners*,
 Were *Memorialists* (at least) if not humble *Petitioners*—
 You needed no round-about *forc'd* introducing!
 Your *Name* was enough! without *Letters producing*:
 Like the *Witch*, you could say to the Closet-door *Locks*,
 Fly open, at once! for 'tis *F——r* that knocks:
There for Hours could sit, and tell comical *Tales*,
 While *Envy*, pale *Envy!* stood biting her *Nails*.
 Nay, he could do no *less!* for all Men will agree,
 You are twenty times more independant than *He*:
 No *Courtier*, whatever, is so unconfin'd
 As a *Gentleman* is— I tell you my *Mind*.
 Moreover, you hinted, you wanted no *Favour*,
 For which I esteem you, my *Life!* more than ever:
 One Man is as good as another, d'ye see—
 There's nothing like holding one's Head up—like *Me!*
 So much for the Matter of *Int'rest*, my *Dear*;
 Your *Lady* knows *Life*, and the *World*, to a *Hair*:
 And so far I tell you, it bids us take still
 The Offer, so kindly propos'd by *Friend Phil*.

May I throw half a Word in, by way of—my *Pet*?†
 I'll tell you, my *Soul*, when 'tis *proper*—not *yet*.

But now I'm to prove 'tis your *Int'rest*, at *least*—
 And this I *can*, too—and I *will*, e'er I rest!
 What *F——r*, plain *F——r*, has sold for a *Shilling*,
 Sir *George* may ask *two* for— and who'd be unwilling?
 I own, I think even an *Alderman's Goods*
 Much better (a Penny the Yard) than *Tom. Woods*;

* *Aid du Camp* Col'nels.

† *Pet.*] Tho' this Word is not used in the present Sense in *London*, yet it is not an *Irish* Word, being understood in the same Sense in our Northern Counties, particularly in *Yorkshire*: It is an endearing Expression, it expresses my *Dearest*, or the like; the favourite Child in a Family. Perhaps from *Italian*, *Petto*, the Heart, which perhaps is from the *Latin*, *Pectus*.

There's a great deal in *Title*, and *Honour*, my Dear!
 Depend, what I say is but right—never fear—
 You always allow'd my Discernment was *nice*;
 And e'er you have *printed*, would ask my *Advice*:
 Nay! my Sex have declar'd (tho' it went to their Hearts)
 That your Lady, Sir George, was a Lady of *Parts*:
 'Twas the *Dean* (to be sure) that first signify'd *this*;
 For, you know, I was always a *Darling* of his:
 We agreed in most things—tho', I own I was ready
 To break with him, once—for those Lines on a *Lady**—
 To resume!—Don't you see *here* Examples before ye;
 Plain Merit *untitled's* a terrible Story!
 Are not Cowards, once *knighted*, deem'd instantly *stout*?
 They may *fight*, if they please—or like *H—y* may *scout*:
 What Physician, *itinerant*, dares take a Fee
 Like — in his Coach? tho', but *Glasgow*, M. D.
 All the World's a meer Farce! 'tis as true, as 'tis strange;
 But *Merit*, plain *Merit*, must truckle, and cringe!
 While Folly and Ignorance stuck in a Coach,
 Still meet with *Esteem*; nor e'er feel a *Reproach*.
 May I now ask a Question or two by the Way?
 Not a Syllable, *George* — Phoo! Sir George, I would say
 For, in Fancy, I feel—and I'll practise it too;
 There's a Pleasure in *That*, tho' 'tis but *antre noo*†
 But (all Int'rest apart) Let's once think on the *Honour*!
 (Here, the Name of the Thing brought a *Simp'ring* upon her)
 || Sir George and his Lady, last Night, came to *Town*!
 Her Ladyship's *breeding*! Her Ladyship's *down*!
 Is Sir George, pray, at Home? Is Sir George gone abroad?
 How it charms, how it fires me already? O Laud! —
 ' This Gown (cries the Mantua-maker) is for my very good
 Lady *F——r*;
 “ She's a gen'rous-hearted Soul—is mighty good Pay — and
 I'm pleas'd whenever I talk on her.)
 Here! fetch me a *Pen*, while I fold up a *Letter*;
 The *Direction*, my Precious, sounds better and better!
 To — Sir — G — e F — k — r, — Knight, — at his Seat —
 for, you know,
 A Cabin's a Seat in a trice — Apprepo!*.

* Poem on a *Modern Lady*, &c. &c. &c.

† *Entre nous*.

|| Miss *Lucy*, in the *Virgin unmask'd*, practises with her Chair, &c. &c. &c.

* * à propos.

A Chariot, (or, I'll be content with a *Berlin*)
 'Twill cost (let me see) but an hundred Pound sterling;
 We'll have Horses, at first, if you will, *by the Year*;
 For I never shall rest, 'till I knock up a *Pair*!
 And *then*, by that Scheme (Do you take me?) the *Loss*
 Is the *Stableman's* own, and nothing to us!
 This *Berlin*, (or Chariot) at *once* should be bought;
 Or the Title's a *Nuisance*, and not worth a *Groat*:
 Sir *George*, or his Lady once seen on the *Hoof*,
 Would indeed be a *Jest*! and with Reason enough.—
 Methinks to the *Ring*, or the *Strand*, as I roll;
 I hear some People cry—Oh! that *fortunate* Soul!
 While others in Noddy at three-pence a Head,
 As they jog to *Rafarnham* will *fret* themselves dead!
 If we alter our *Route*—and strike off to † *Glasnevin*;
 (Where your Sunday-cits *walk*, on a Scheme to be saving;
 Those Days are all over, with me, I thank God!)
 I look sharp for the *Dean* on each side of the Road;
Dean Delany, Your Servant,—Sir *George*, I am *Yours*!
 That's a pretty Conveyance you ride in.—'Tis *ours*:
 The *Dean* stands aghast! As indeed well he may—
 Then cries, with a Smile — 'Tis a *mighty fine Day*!
 While I know in his Soul (like the rest of his *Brothers*)
 He hates to see *Laymen* saving *swag* upon *Loathers*.
 Then I laugh in my Turn! Give the Side-glass a Push-up!
 And so I would, Faith, were his *Deanship* a *Bishop*.
 Go which Way you will, we must meet with our *own*,
 That cursed *News-paper* has made us so *known*!
 Ev'ry stockingless Boy, as he bathes at *Clantaff*,§
 At Sight of the *Chariot*, must set up his Laugh!
 And I swear to his Comroques, he but Yesterday paid you
 Two *Thirteens* for the Journals—which Journals have *made* you.
 Let them say what they will! Give me once but my *Coach*;
 I'll despise *Innuendo's*,††—and smile at Reproach.
 Not but that her glib Tongue could have held for a Year,
 Had not *Passion* run high---and so *stopt* her Career;

* *Rafarnham*.] A Village near *Dublin*, where Citizens go to take the Air on Voitures called Rings-end-cars.

† Another Village where *Dean Delany* has a Country-House.

‖ *Clantaff*.] A Village on the Strand near *Dublin*, where the Rabble frequently bathe in the Salt-Water.

§ *Two Thirteens*] Two *English* Shillings; they are current in *Ireland* at Thirteen-pence a-piece.

†† *Innuendo's*.

The Sneers of the Crowd, and the Dread of *some* Stories,
 Stopt her short in her Speech, and abated her Glories;
 Her Ladyship, now, beat a Parley for *Breath*!
 When Sir *George* awoke up—(as awaken'd from Death)
 For, as much as the Name of the Honour had *blest* him,
 The Dread of Expence, in Proportion, *deprest* him!

Though highly I value a *Title*, my Dear!
Precedence, *Respect*, and what not? Yet I fear,
 Should the *Feather* take Place, 'twould in Time quite undo me!
 Such a Train of Disbursements at once would pursue me!
 Besides, 'tis a *Feather* that cannot descend;
 It will cease very soon, as with me it must end!—
 'Tis true, while you live, you're *Her Ladyship* still,
 Yet it is but a *Feather*, advance what you will.—

A *Feather*, d'ye call it? At the *Word* up she rose
 In a Fury not easy to tell but in *Prose*;
 Come down, all ye *Muses*! by Pairs or by Dozens!
 Bring (with you) your Families, Nieces, and Cousins!
 Tune, Tune up your Lyres! to describe (if you can)
 How the *Bustle* was ended,—and how it began!
 Tell the Town (for I cant) how she took up a *Sword*;
 And as she chose to *speak*, made him *write* Word for Word!
 (Thus Pinchwife, tho' Tables are turn'd *vice versa*,
 Kept his Scribe to the *Text* — the still pleading for Mercy!)
 Sing, sing away, Girls! Sing away, for your Lives—
 Or *old Maids* ye shall die, all — and never be *Wives*!
 Pr'ythee tell us the *whole*! how the Supper was spoil'd;
 How *Arbuckle* look'd pale — how Sir *George* near *run wild*!
 How he wrote to *Phil. S*———e, his *Word* to make *right-good*,
 And send him immediately Orders for *Knighthood*;
 How the Letter was *seal'd*! when the Letter was *carry'd*!
 How the Knight often curs'd the sad Day he was *marry'd*!
 How impatient *my Lady* still *waits* the *Reply*;
 For a *Lady* she *swears* she *must* live! and *will* die!

F I N I S.